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VERSES

BY DOROTHY WHIPPLE





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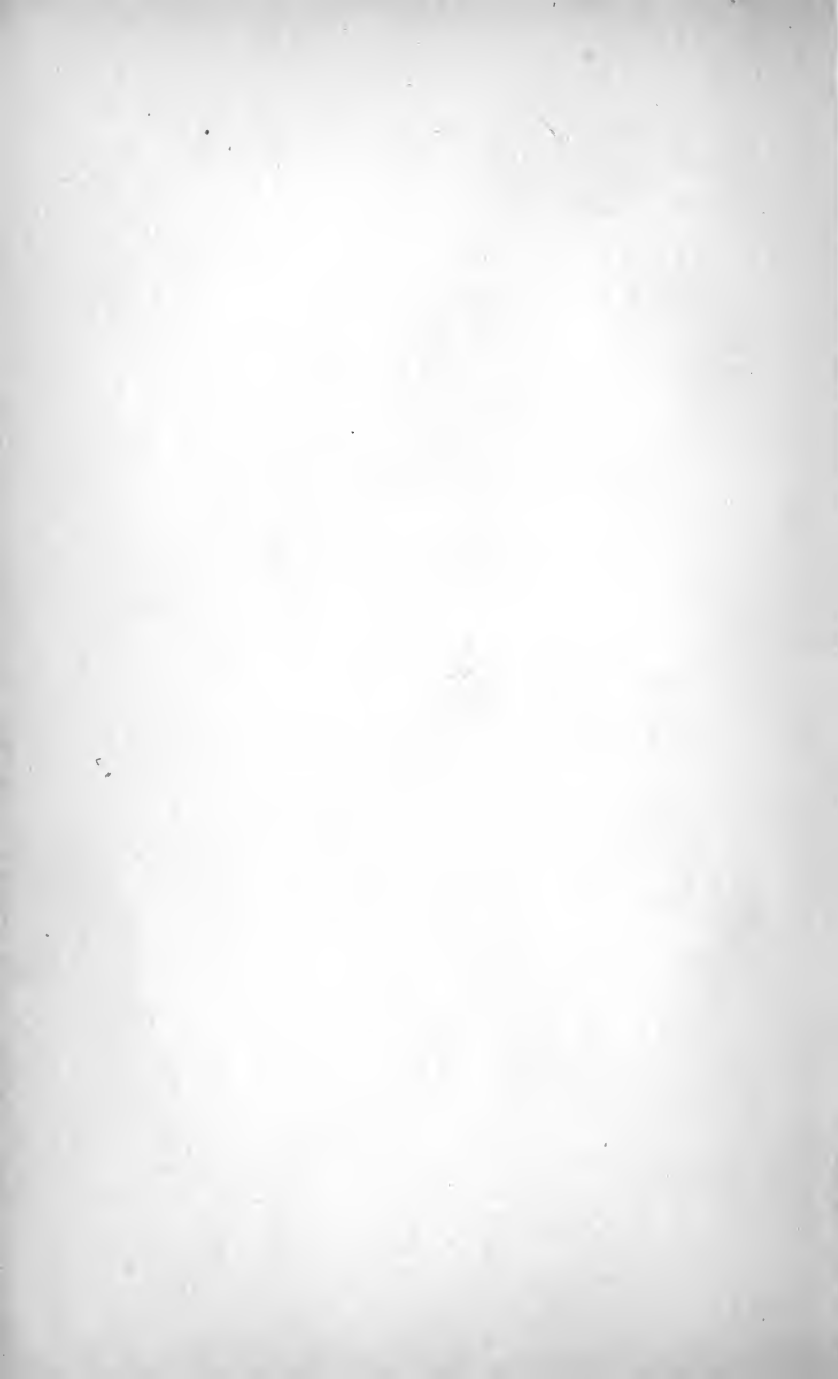














VERSES

BY

DOROTHY WHIPPLE Fry

1910-1912



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no. 1.

TO
MY MOTHER

July 27, 1912



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SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP

EMBODIMENT of all that's pure and fine,
Friendship, we hail thee! Oh, reign thou supreme,

Fair goddess, in us, nor let come between
Vain and deluding joys, so slight to thine
Which are so pure, so perfect, so divine.
Friendship, on thee our frail and weak lives lean,
And thou art of each soul the mighty queen,
Swaying with sceptred hand and thoughts
sublime

Our deeds and actions, while our lives through
thee

Are purified. Until two souls have stood
In the light of friendship, the noblest good
That they can do the world is left undone.
O goddess, grant that some day all may see
The face and meet the soul of a loved one.

A SONNET

OPEN in all its love your heart to me
That I may feast my longing, yearning soul
As the full years of our lives onward roll.
I feel myself drawn sweetly unto thee
With a strange bond, in deep sincerity.
Dearest mother, as our two lives so blend,
Let each unto the other slowly bend;
And as two trees, from living long and free
And bending ever nearer, join at last,
So may our souls in perfect joy and power
Join one another, linked thus firm and fast,
And yield life's fairest fruits each passing hour
Until the golden days of life be passed,
When, God willing it, I'll love thee more.

A BIRTHDAY WISH TO KATHARYN

SWEET sixteen, dear sister, sweet sixteen to-
night,

With all your little candle years burning so clear
and bright,

Wafting in each yellow flame all our love to you,
Love that is strong and loyal, love that will e'er
be true;

To the little girl who on this eve flits from her
cocoon

To blossom into a lovely butterfly all too soon.

Dainty butterfly maiden, do not fly away

E'en when your wings are strong enough to bear
the light of day.

The light may be deceptive, and those beautiful,
soft wings,

In the world of song and laughter gay, may tear
on many things.

Stay with us, darling Katharyn, with those that
love you so,

With those who will always cherish you, as the
long years come and go.

A BIRTHDAY WISH TO KATHARYN

Do not let the blinding glare of the giddy, social
world

Bear you away from us, darling, until at last
you're hurled

Into the sea of deception, of vanity cold and
dead!

Stay with us, dear sister, in the light of love in-
stead.

TOAST TO YALE

HERE'S to Harvard, Cornell, and Brown:
Drink her down, drink her down!
Here's to our other colleges too;
And now for our toast, to "Yale and the
Blue"!

With honor paid to all the rest,
Here's to the college we love the best.
Here's to her glory and her fame;
Here's to her honor and her name;
Here's to her mottoes which ne'er shall fail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."
"Lux et veritas" may they ever be
Surrounding and enshrining thee.

A SLUMBER SONG

MAY pleasant dreams be thine to-night:
Sweet sleep until the morning light
Wrap thy soul and drive away
Visions that may cloud the day.
So to-morrow bright and free
Like the rising sun we'll see
Happiness rise from clouds of night,
Shedding its pure and radiant light.
And to-night may the goddess of sleep
An ever adoring watch o'er thee keep,
And send to thee a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.

TO MY FATHER

EACH joy of life attend thee;
Each noble soul befriend thee;
Light and truth enfold thee;
Bonds of true love hold thee,
For evermore, dear Father.

May fortune e'er be true to thee;
Whatever she may do for thee,
Health e'er be near to thee;
Loved ones grow more dear to thee,
For evermore, dear Father.

Life yield her blessings to thee;
Thy country become better through thee;
May God be ever by thee;
May fate whene'er she try thee
Still find thee worthy, Father.

REVERIES

WHEN the fire is burning low,
Smiling at the fields of snow;
When the glory of the day
In the sunset fades away,
Come to me, O fancies sweet,
Dreams and fancies light and fleet.
In the dancing flames I see
Visions that are dear to me:
Days flit by before my eyes,
Sunbeams and soft summer skies;
Whispering breezes, calling, calling;
Waters gurgling, falling, falling;
Loved ones that are very dear;
Voices that I live to hear;
Moons that shone and passed away,
Moods of sorrow, clouds of gray;
Suns that shone, laughter and song,
That cheered the heart all day long;
Joys untold that will ever be
Buried and cherished within me;
Memories sad that wring the heart,

REVERIES

Make that unknown something start
And tremble, till the dear, sweet dreams
Brighten and it almost seems
That they are all real again.

A SPRING RHAPSODY

THE morning sun is flooding the world,
The buds on the trees are all unfurled,
The birds are calling to the Spring,
And thus of every living thing.
The sky is blue and the sun is warm,
My heart is happy, my soul is calm,
My mind is free from every fear,
Alone in the forest God's voice I hear.
The murmur of the trees seems to say,
Oh, what a wonderful, lovely day!
The little bird sings his message sweet
And with that song the Spring doth greet,
The dear little brook gurgles and calls
As it ripples over its waterfalls.
And my heart to-day is like the brook
Kissed by the sun in every nook,
And it runs like the happy little stream
And is just as full of sparkles that gleam
When the soft warm sun smiles sweetly down
Spreading that glory all around.
And as my heart sings and ripples along,
It mingles with the gurgling song

A SPRING RHAPSODY

Of the brook as it leaps and trickles through
Grasses green and flowers too.
Everything mingles like music sweet
As all things hasten the Spring to greet.

TO JOSEPHINE FOR HER BIRTHDAY

May 11, 1911

A FRIEND is the sweetest gift God can give, and
you, Joe dear, are mine;

And to-day on your happy birthday, may every
joy be thine;

And every best wish to you, dearest, from one
who loves you true;

And one who ever will love, and be a friend to you,
In the truest sense of the word a friend I mean to
be,

A friend in the happy present, a friend to eter-
nity.

ON SEEING MRS. W.'S PHOTO

QUIET and full of meaning with eyes like heaven
above:

Eyes that are brimming over with tender mother-
love:

Eyes that have watched the lives of her children
day by day

Grow ever nobler as the years have rolled away.
Her mouth is a kiss from Heaven, moulded by
hands of time

To lines of pathetic sweetness, to a smile that is
sublime.

The tender beauty of her lips is graven so one
may read

Of many a valiant struggle, of many a noble deed,
Of wonderful strength and character, of a life that
is divine,

From which the celestial beauty of holiness doth
shine

That shines in the face of martyrs, of angels of
peace and love;

Light that grows as the pure life cleaves to
Heaven above.

ON SEEING MRS. W.'S PHOTO

A soul pure and perfect has moulded that lovely
face

Into its lines of beauty and tender motherly
grace.

What joy to look into those eyes glowing with
light and splendor,

Into the depths of a celestial soul pure, loving,
and tender!

A DREAM

I DREAM to-day of two summers past,
Perfect and lovely from first to last.
We may never have two such again;
The keenest joy is most surely when
 The bud is opening.

Perhaps when the rose is dead and gone,
Leaving sad memory's bitter thorn,
She dreams far off in the flower world
Of when her petals will next unfurl;
 And we too may dream.

A SONNET

WE part, — what matter! What can partings
mean,

To souls so closely bound? And what the pain?
To me, dear mother, earthly woes are vain,
And all the objects that may come between
Your love and mine like some great, worthless
screen

Will melt away and day will dawn again;
Once more the sun will shine from cloud or rain.
How often, dear, this very thing we've seen.
Through the pure ether our two souls may fly
And meet in holy love, and we may be
Soul bound in soul transported to some sky
Where we can live in deep sincerity.
Partings cannot pain us, dear, you and I
Are one. I live in you and you in me.

TO SHERMAN

MAY the spring of this year
Bring you cheer,
Happiness supreme.
May every day
Be glad and gay,
A happy dream —
A dream of the dear old Columbia car
Suffering now from many a scar,
A dream of running it far and wide
With the longed-for license at your side!

THE TEDDY BEAR HUNT

WHEN the eve begins to fall,
Casting shadows over all;
When the fire's ruddy glow
Smiles out at the deepening snow;
When the day's work all is done,
Still remains the greatest fun.
Who is that behind the chair,
With that awful beady glare?
Crouching ready for a spring
What a frightful-looking thing!
Oh, but see that hunter bold,
In his hand a gun he holds;
He is armed with weapons strong;
Watch him, as he creeps along
By the massive chair of red
Followed close by Doggie Ned —
Faithful little Ned is he;
See him by his master's knee;
Together they must win the day,
Kill or drive that bear away.
Such a dangerous beast is he
While he roams the country free.

THE TEDDY BEAR HUNT

So our hunter's one desire
Is to wound or kill entire
That monster of the twilight hour
From whom the nursery pets all cower.
"One of us must die," he mutters,
While within his brave heart flutters.
"Tommy, come to bed, my dear" —
What is that we plainly hear?
Mother's voice; the chase is done,
And yet it's only just begun:
Tommy, off to bed, must go,
With footsteps lingering and slow;
Bruin has escaped to-night,
Has escaped that awful fight.

TO THE SUN

GREAT orb of perfect light,
Thou who precedes the dark of night,
Coming wrapt in colors of gold,
Pink, and gorgeous shades untold;
Thou hast shone throughout this day,
Burning all dark clouds away.
Oh, teach the light of our lives to shine
As clear and perfectly pure as thine,
Driving the clouds that hang o'er our day
All thus nobly away.
Help us to shine as you have shone
Into the life of some dear one,
And make him as happy, by our light,
As thou dost the day, by thy golden light.

TO PAPA ON HIS BIRTHDAY

WE are gathered here together on this happy,
happy night
To celebrate your birthday with cake and candles
bright,
And in each tiny yellow flame, as it burns so
bright and fair,
Remember that our truest love is nestled right in
there.
They are wafting you their love as they burn
themselves away,
And 't is thus that the love of our own true hearts
steals to you, day by day,
And ever stronger that love will grow, as we our
candles burn,
And ever more to you, dear heart, that love we'll
gladly turn.

PINE TREE SPIRITS

THE pine tree spirits are abroad to-day;
The great green branches bend and sway;
We hear a sound like the breakers' roar
As they dash upon some far-off shore,
Mysterious, distant; and yet I hear
Soft voices very near.

A lull! All is quiet. But now once more
The sound of waves and the ocean's roar;
Voices are crying; the elves of the trees
Are laughing as the wild wind frees
And tosses them all about,
Opens the strong bark and lets them out.
Sunbeams are playing on the ground,
And on the trunks, strong and brown;
They glide up the dear old tree
And kiss the branches playfully,
Flitting softly, coming and going,
While the wild wind is blowing and blowing.

NATURE'S MIRACLE

'T is morning in all its glory, and clear blue is the
sky;

The lark is on the wing, and the bluebird soars on
high;

I have watched all the quiet wonder as the day
turned to night;

I have watched the gorgeous morning when the
sun just came in sight;

I have watched each moving shadow and loved
each changing scene,

And even now I do not feel I know e'en half they
mean.

Nature, wonderful Nature, of thee man never
tires:

The interest in the growing things never, never
expires:

The woods, the fields, the open air, are medicine
to all;

Within the temples of the Lord there rings a call
For our better selves, our purer lives, we cast
away our years,

And in the blessed hours are children free from
fears.

NATURE'S MIRACLE

The joys and charming fancies that surround our
childhood days,
The days of perfect innocence, when the first soft
rays
Of life's old sun have touched us and warmed the
little heart,
Moulded it softly, softly, one day to be a part
Of the great wide world in perfect strength, the
morning of our youth,
Surrounded forever and ever by Nature's truth.

TO KATHARYN

To-DAY is your birthday, dear sister;
We wish you joy, one and all.
May the year that's to come be as happy
As the one that is ended this fall.

May the year you start out on to-morrow
Be one that you'll never forget;
Let this year be the happiest year
Your short life ever has met.

Make your own life worth while, dear sister,
And help others to do the same;
And the world will honor and love you,
And breathe a prayer with your name.

Be kind to the poor and unhappy;
Be always cheery and bright;
And may all your days be as happy
As we hope that you are to-night.

TO THE WATER LILY

THOU dainty water lily, atilt upon the blue,
What would I not freely give to be as pure as you.
Thy petals, like the ivory white within thy dainty
cup,
The nectar holds for every bee to freely of it sup;
Thy golden stamens, smiling up, to greet the
warm, bright sun,
Who smiling back doth send a gleam on every
single one.
Upon the waters blue you dance, and skip each
tiny wave,
And every ripple is to you a vassal or a slave.
At your command they on their backs do raise
you up so high,
That in your simple ignorance, you seem to touch
the sky.
And yet it is not as it seems, for you, sweet
flower, must stay,
Upon your green and fragile stem, for you were
made that way.

TO MAMA

Two eyes of daintiest violet blue, so soft, so sad,
and sweet,
And the dearest smile in the whole wide world
on the two red lips you greet,
And two warm pink cheeks like velvet soft
are sweetly upturned to you,
And the snow-white arms, those bonds of
love, are gently outstretched too.
The tender look in her face! my mother!
my own sweet love!
God's fairest gift in all the world sent
from the sky above.
I fly to that waiting place and
clasped to the beating heart
With the soft white arms around me
I pray ne'er to depart,
Never to lose that treasure, that the
soft arms may always fold
Around my hungering body, and that I
may ever hold
That darling form close to my heart and
kisses press on that face.

TO MAMA

God's gift to me from heaven above, filled
with motherly grace.

Her soul is a pure white candle,
burning with innocent light,

Shedding its rays of purity into a world
of night.

And some of these soft rays of splendor
waft to my open heart,

And little by little that precious light
will in my own life start.

And may her candle ever thus burn,
and then, at the last, light mine

And mould it to burn in the same
clear way, pure, innocent, and fine.

TO A BABY

BABY, open thy darling eyes,
Smile that bewitching smile,
And all the cares of this great world
Will melt away the while.

Baby mine, let the sunbeams
That dance all over your face,
Each in your dear little dimples
Find a hiding-place.

Stretch out your little pink hands,
Clasping the open air;
Each like a tiny rose-bud,
Soft, pink, and fair.

Dear innocent little soul,
God sent you here
In your simple sweetness,
To bring to all good cheer.

FOR "MABBIE'S" BIRTHDAY

May 1st

DEAR jolly little "Mabbie," here's all
our best wishes to you:
May your joys be ever so many,
and your sorrows very few;
And may the spring of this happy
year make your heart beat light,
And may the old sun shed on you
that golden glory bright
That he sheds on the other blossoms
in the soft and gentle spring,
That wonderful warmth and brightness
that is given to everything.
It fills the heart with gladsome joy and
unfurls the tender new leaves,
And the swallow flits out in the warm sunshine
from his sleep beneath the eaves.
And 't is thus that your heart is fluttering,
like the wings of the happy swallow;
And may you ever be like him, his
free and pure life follow.

THE PERFECT MORN

ALL the voices of the night
Chanting to the waning light;
Breezes sighing soft and low
To the distant sunset glow;
And the hills their souls outpour
As night closes day's bright door.
In the sky a line of light
Just preceding the dark of night;
Softer now the shades are growing,
Fainter now the colors glowing,
And my thoughts are floating out,
My soul with a triumphant shout
Joins the river of pink and gold
Beyond which lie worlds untold.
On the horizon far away,
Here and there, deep black or gray,
Houses are silhouetted and trees,
And in my soul are such as these:
Figures rising dark and clear;
Souls I love and memories dear
Softened in the evening light,
Ere day sinks in shades of night,

THE PERFECT MORN

When they're lost to sight, until
Morning starts that wondrous thrill
Ringing through our hearts and life,
Pleasures and enjoyments rife.
And I think, when thus I see
Loved ones drifting far from me,
Of the morn that is to come,
Of the rising of the sun;
And when death shall close my eyes,
I will dream upon those skies,
Knowing that the morn will come
When the short, dark night is done,
And the visions that I love
I shall take to realms above
Those that on this earth have been
Lovely, holy, half unseen.
When that perfect day shall dawn,
In the pure, fair light of morn,
I shall see them up above,
Purer, fairer, made by love.
God, who turns the night to day,
Will in that same wondrous way
Create when death's night is o'er
A perfect day forevermore.

VALENTINE TO KARKIE

DEAR little Karkie, my valentine,
With the soft brown eyes that sparkle and shine,
Cupid has, with his arrows of gold,
Pierced my heart and made me bold
 To tell you so.

Yes, dearest sister, and I am glad, —
Love has never made any one sad.
Real true love only brightens our day,
And drives all clouds of malice away.
 Every soul needs it.

PEACE

IN the soft shades of evening, when the sun is
sinking low,
And the clear and ruddy sunbeams cast their
pleasing afterglow,
When the breeze is sighing softly in a gentle
monotone,
Whispering secrets sweetly to the heart so sad and
lone;
In those blessed hours of quiet when the world
seems far away
And the troubles all have followed in the foot-
steps of the day;
When the healing dews of evening have fallen on
the heart,
And the soul in peace and quiet from the world
has grown apart:
At this perfect hour of happiness our hearts reach
slowly out,
A prayer unconsciously uttered is wafted all
about.

SOLITUDE

MOONLIGHT and the breezes sighing low,
with all the world asleep,
While I alone in solitude
a watch with the far stars keep.

Midnight and still with the sleeping earth
bathed in pale moonbeams
All alone in the depths of night
as silent as a dream.

Breaking day and the beautiful sky
with the rosy tints of dawn
Proclaiming with gorgeous splendor
the coming of the morn.

Oh, dawning light, shine in on me,
drive doubt and fear away,
Banish my dread and sorrow
as the dark mists float away.

VALENTINE TO PAPA

My dear, my noble father, the sweetest of valen-
tines,
To you with all my truest love I give these few
poor lines;
But lines or words cannot express my love and
thought for you,
I love you, dearest father, with a heart that is
ever true.

Through childhood you have shielded and ten-
derly cared for me,
Now I return my whole heart's love to thee, and
only thee.
My heart is yours, my dearest, and never will
cease to beat
In deepest joy and gratitude for the life you have
made so sweet.

FORGET-ME-NOT!

LITTLE blue forget-me-not, smiling up at me,
Emblem of the truest love and perfect constancy;
Help me, little flower, blue as the skies above,
Ever to be loyal unto those I love.

Innocent dainty flower, God has brought you here
That we may feel the heavens ever drawing near;
And to teach us daily, lest we should forget
In the weakness of our lives, to love the souls
we've met.

A TOAST FOR PAPA'S BIRTHDAY

March 4, 1911

HERE's wishing you the happiest birthday you
ever yet have had;
Here's hoping that the years to come will all be
bright and glad;
Here with the tenderest thoughts of love I pledge
these words to you,
May your joys be ever so many and your sorrows
very few.
And this to you, dear father, all health and pro-
sperity,
With all my heart and truest love, with all sin-
cerity.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAS HELPED ME

THOU who hast been such a friend to me,
Who daily hast helped and made me see
Life in the purest and fairest way
And made it more worth while each day;
Thou, who awakened only the best,
Who shunned and hated all the rest;
For all that thou hast done for me,
Dear friend, I truly thank thee.
And yet the thanks that are thy due
Thou takest not, but ever true
To the highest thought that fills the heart,
To God thou givest the greater part,
Content to be only the means he employs
In giving to others those sacred joys.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE

STARS are in the silent sky and God's great presence is near;

The breeze murmuring softly is the only sound I hear.

I gaze into the far black depths, wrapt in that wondrous love,

And think of the Heavenly Father who sends it from above.

In the vast and singing silence, 't is God's love and care that all

The elements of the silent night to listening ears do call.

I sat at the window heark'ning to the glorious song of night

E'er God created the world anew with the pure fair morning light.

The breeze in the pines grew louder, the stars in the sky above

Looked down on me in the darkness and breathed to me God's love.

It filled the air with music, the fairest I ever heard.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE

In rapt delight I listened, and all within me
stirred.

The grandeur of the silence, the wonder of the
world

Just before the glory of the morning was un-
furled.

All Nature lay before me, and her secrets seemed
to be

In that great and perfect hour opened wide to me.

ASPIRATION

RISE, O my soul, to higher things,
As the bird upon his wings
Rises in the morn and sings.

Float ever upward, O my mind ;
Upward and onward, as the wind
Seeking all that it can find.

Reach farther out, O heart of mine ;
And make your clear love-light shine
Daily growing more pure and fine.

Unite, O soul, O mind, and heart :
Unite, and never, never part,
Until perfected each thou art.

BIRTHDAY GREETING TO MISS MAY

To-DAY with all my heart I send
A birthday greeting to thee, my friend.
Dear Miss May, I wish for thee
Every joy that there can be.
May the gifts thou dost impart
To us all at life's first start,
Of high resolve, pure endeavor,
Return to thee in flowing measure.

THE GARDEN ¹

O how soft the night breeze blew;
Silently by the little bat flew;
Below me, standing all in white,
Ghostly in the black of night,
Looming up against the wood,
Silent and stanch our David stood;
A strip of black, the forest lay
So green and shady all the day,
Dark and forbidding now at night,
But beyond that wealth of light!
The moon peeps over the distant hills,
And now the lake with its glory fills.
One glittering strip of purest gold
Now may my wondering eyes behold,
And O this odor! what can it be?
What is this bank in front of me?
This bank of white, so cool and frail
Clambering o'er the veranda rail —
Oh! 't is the clematis, pure and white,
Sending its odor into the night;

¹ In the garden at Chilton Hall where stands the statue of David.

THE GARDEN

A moment I stood and gazed with awe
At the wonderful picture, which I saw
Lying in that bank of flowers
So pure and sweet, the fairest of bowers.

TO MAMA DURING HER ILLNESS

DEAR little mother, so noble and true
In everything that you are wont to do,
You are an angel of peace and love
Sent to us here from Heaven above.
Dearest mother, how strong you have been,
How little your noble fight has been seen,
How few can realize the struggle you've made,
Who knows of the long, wakeful nights you have
prayed?
Who knows, my poor darling, what you have
borne,
The pain that has raged, the thoughts that have
torn?
God knows, dear mother, and 't is He alone
That can quell the pain and cease the moan.
You've flown to the arms that can save you, dear,
And you have brought His presence very near;
You've won the greatest blessing of life
Through your hardships, your pain and strife.
Your suffering now must lose the mien
In which it has so often been seen.
And your face, dear, is divine with light
That in its glory burst from the night.

TO THE DEAR LITTLE TENT

IN the tent among the trees,
Kissed by every summer breeze,
White against the darksome pine,
There is where I love to dine.

Little fireplace of bricks,
In you what do we not mix?
Lobsters, clams, potatoes sweet,
While in your flames we cook our meat.

Oh, the dinners we have had
While our hearts beat young and glad,
Sitting in the open air,
On the summer days so fair.

When the noonday meal is done,
That does not e'en end our fun;
By the water's edge so cool
We wash the dishes in our pool.

And what joy we all do feel
At the cozy evening meal
When we're done, and over all
The quiet shades of eve do fall.

TO THE DEAR LITTLE TENT

Oh, what fun we had that night,
Seated in the warm firelight,
With the ruddy glow on all,
Which from the flickering flames does fall.

Overhead the moon's soft light
Fell on us in our delight;
The waters rippled by the breeze
Joined the whispering of the trees.

I love the dear tent more and more,
But now those happy days are o'er;
The warm summer months are past,
Winter is coming very fast.

AN EASTER WISH TO K. C. W.

DEAR one, on this blessed morn
May new hope and new love dawn.
May thy dear soul open up
To the blessings of life's cup.
They are many, precious one;
God has made them; do not shun,
Do not slight them and pass o'er
That which may make thee forevermore,
 Supremely happy.
May thy dear, thy sweet life be
Only a pure, fair imagery
Of thy perfect soul within
And keep it ever free from sin;
Lay aside thy outer sheath,
Well we know what lies beneath;
Let the love of thy life shine,
Make it perfect, sincere, and fine.

INSPIRATION

Oh, dawn of inspiration, come!
The language of the mind is dumb,
The inner world is deeply sleeping
Until thy great light comes creeping
Softly, softly, into our hearts,
When in beauty new life starts,
Day breaks upon the soul!
The blinding mists of life do roll
Slowly onward, leaving light,
Learning, and truth to follow the night
Of Ignorance, darkness, and bitter scorn.
Oh, great day that is to dawn
Like yon sunrise o'er the hills,
Which rising in its beauty fills
The whole world with pleasing light,
Shine thou upon the inward sight,
Creating effects that last as these,
The life of the flowers, birds, and trees.

INVOCATION TO THE SEA

SPEAK to me, great, calm sea in thy low, heart-felt tone;

Speak in the bursting, dashing wave, and gentle monotone.

O white wave curling up softly across the beach,
Take me, great, foamy wave, in thy loving reach;

Take my soul and spread it out

With the waters all about;

Let me feel that wondrous thrill;

Let me feel my weak heart fill

With the strength that you embrace

In thy great expanse of space.

Let me be as broad a soul

As thy waters which do roll;

As broad of soul and mind would I

Be unto the day I die.

Fill me with the strength that you

Display in everything you do.

PARTING

I THOUGHT the pain of parting ended on that morn
When we had said good-bye, and when with an-
guish torn

After the storm of passion past, I lay so still,
And let my aching heart and soul open and fill
With the blessed peace of God, while I in prayer
Prayed for thee, that God in His great loving care
Would ever keep thee, dear one. I was calmer
then,

And felt the cup to pass my lips, but now again
In the familiar spot, the same soft summer air,
The same sweet birds that singing made the days
so fair —

Oh, everything I gaze at, dearest, speaks of thee
With that strange sorrow mingled with love's
ecstasy;

In everything I do I seem to feel thee near,
And yet I dare not turn or look, knowing well,
dear,

I shall not see thy form, thy dear kind face,
But turning shall only gaze into empty space.
I never knew before the sorrow this could bring,

PARTING

Or how the wild pain of loss could wring
The heart. I will be patient from this bitter grief:
God in His great goodness I feel will bring relief,
And more perhaps if I can learn to bear the cross
And suffer silently within my soul this loss.

TO PAPA ON VALENTINE'S DAY

ON Valentine's day each loving heart
Finds a gift that it can impart
to another.

Dear one, to-day I only renew
The tender love I bear for you
and make it stronger.

For long ago that gift I gave,
And now I have no other save
a true renewal.

Dear father, may our hearts e'er be
Joined in deep sincerity
to each other.

SLEEP

THE last soft, pink rays linger of the setting sun;
The sheep and lambs are wandering home, one by
one:

Soft spring breezes are abroad, wafting all about
The perfect odors that sweet flowers are casting
out;

Far away, I seem to hear, like a dim, distant call,
The soothing, murmuring monotone of the busy
waterfall;

A little, black bat flits by me swiftly and seems to
sink

Into the growing darkness, while here alone I
think;

And fainter and ever fainter the flame of my
thoughts is glowing,

Sweeter still and softer the evening winds are
blowing.

One moment on the blissful brink of sleep I
waver,

Then all vanishes and my soul without a quaver
Sinks and is lost in dreams.

EASTER GREETING TO MY MOTHER

At the dawn of this blessed day
May all trouble float away,
Melt into the open air,
Leave thy soul triumphant, fair,
While the holy Easter peace
Wafts to thy dear soul release.
Dearest mother, may this be
A perfect, holy day for thee,
Bringing all that Easter may,
To souls like yours which find the way
In Jesus, and the truth and light
Which guides us in the paths of light.

THE DYING YEAR

GLORIOUS colors light the sky,
The trees stand dark and tall,
Odors of burning incense rise
From the dry, dead leaves of fall.

Color, splendor, and beauty,
The world's cup overflowing,
The trees, the maples and birches,
In their fall attire are glowing;

But a note of sadness, a touch of pain
Fills the morning air,
And why is it my heart must grieve
With all the world so fair?

The year is dying, sinking away,
Shrouded in hoar-frost white:
A fateful sense of coming doom
Is in the pallid light.

Oh, year of joy and gladness,
That meant so much to me,
I dread to feel you dying,
That you soon will cease to be.

A SONNET

WHEN first I felt thy hand upon my heart,
I recognized a great and master touch
Bringing forth in volumes melodies such
As I ne'er dreamed existed, for my part.
The clear and singing tones would make to start
Joy and rapture in my soul, and so much
Of this world, which seemed in an evil clutch,
Was beautified, and looks I cast athwart
On all were then uplifted. Being rid
Of all wild thoughts, my soul composed, how fast
Love gathered up my whole life. What I did
In days gone by seemed but a hazy past
Lost in the blessed Future, there amid
Our dreams to perish. Love had come at last!

HAPPINESS SUPREME

My heart is happy! ah, no one knows
Of the joyful cadence in which it flows:
Great trees over me,
In the dear woods wild and free;
Breezes murmuring, waters falling,
Trees whispering, sweet birds calling;
That sacred Presence close to me
Making me love all I see
Because it is His.

TO AUNT SARA

BEAUTIFUL soul, shining through
Thy dear gray eyes so pure and true,
What bliss to feel thee near!

Dear warm heart, reaching out
Into this world of fear and doubt
Like a ray of soft sunlight —

Thou whose nature is so complete,
Whose soul is ever ready to meet
With life's deepest wonders —

Perfect mother, perfect wife,
Sublime in thy inward spiritual life,
Ever true and loving —

Thou with every womanly charm,
A nature so soothing, divine, and calm —
What wonder we all adore!

TO THE HILLS

OH, beautiful, stately hills that day by day
I've watched as the light came and faded away,
And again at night, when all's quiet and still
I gazed at you long and your beauty would fill
My heart and soul to overflowing.
I could feel my life-blood warm and glowing;
Oh, wondrous hills, when I gaze at you
My whole life is created anew;
Before your mighty strength I see
Worlds revealed unto me.
Beyond the last, dim, blue ridge
There lies an unknown, mysterious bridge
Connecting this world with the world that lies
Beyond the azure blue of the skies.
Some day I'll cross that mystic bridge,
See for the last time, each soft, blue ridge,
And, dear hills, when I do,
Guide me, and give me the strength that you
Possess, and which day by day
Keeps you as the long years roll away.

GOOD FRIDAY

O cross of Christ before our eyes to-day,
Rise! keep our souls beneath thy holy shade
That we ourselves may feel the price He paid;
Our earthly joy and light we would allay,
And truly feel the long hours pass away
Of awful pain, the taunts, the light to fade,
And lastly the great love of God which made
All other pain accentuated while the gray
Shades of even fell and death closed around
What a life! At the last forgiving those
Who tortured Him upon the cross and crowned
His head with thorns. And He, great nature,
chose
To bless them while they stood scoffing around,
The torture passed and He triumphant rose.

EVENING

QUIET, solemn and sacred the sun is sinking low,
The gray of the sombre western sky is all aglow.
Off in the hazy distance, against a line of fire,
Alone in its solemn darkness rises the black church
spire.

A sacred quiet comes o'er us, gone is all our pain,
Buried in the dying daylight, never to come
again.

There is naught but peaceful happiness in these
blessed evening hours:

In the wonderful quiet and holiness, the pure
soul towers,

Up, up, and onward, to the world of ethereal light,
Onward and ever onward, the soul grows strong
in its flight,

Till death with a firm and quiet hand shall close
the doors of time,

Till the bell in the chapel in solemn beat for the
dead will chime;

And as I die I hope with all my heart that I may
see

The quiet of a sunset revealed unto me.

EVENING

In the glory of the evening light my soul will be
composed,
My heart will throb in happiness until my eyes
are closed;
And then at last, with the dying sun, I shall
quietly slip away —
Follow the sun and moon and stars to the light of
another day.

A KISS

Two eyes of brown that look at you,
Two lips like a red, red cherry,
Two warm pink cheeks upturned to you,
Each showing a dimple merry.

Pray, who would not look upon that face
And gaze in those eyes so bright?
Who could help pressing thy smiling lips,
And loving with all one's might?

VALENTINE TO MAMA

DEAR mother, the golden arrows, indeed,
Have pierced my heart, but there is no need
To tell you what you already know —
That I love you, dear one, I love you so
that life is empty without you.

Dear little mother, my valentine,
May the blue of your eyes ever shine
And guide me daily in all I do
Near and ever nearer to you —
then I am perfectly happy.

TO CONSTANCE AND HER BABY

BLESSINGS be upon you, dear mother and your
child,

Dear, dainty, little mother, so sweet, pure, and
mild;

Let me send my blessing with that of God
above;

Let me blend my little bit with His far-reaching
love.

And, dear little mother, each joy that there can
be

I hope and pray with all my heart will come to
thee.

May each happy day that must quickly come and
go

Be filled with that sweet, pure love all mothers
know;

The tender, sacred, and beautiful, the perfect
mother love,

Which descendeth to such as thee from Heaven
above.

And, darling baby, I hope for you

That each innocent joy be created anew,

TO CONSTANCE AND HER BABY

In years to come, that your mother has known
As the days rolled by and each year has flown.
Mother and Babe, to you both I send
A tender blessing from an adoring friend.

EASTER MORN

MAY this Holy Easter bring
Joy and love to everything.
May the knowledge of Christ's life
Fill our souls with blessings rife;
Learning from Him day by day,
Following where He led the way.
Till at last we rise to be
Triumphant o'er infirmity.

TO ———

THOU with a heart that is ever true,
Thou with the eyes of deepest blue;
Blue, blue eyes that do shame the sky,
And in whose orbs such shadows lie:
Glad eyes, glad eyes, so clear and fair,
Bright and twinkling, free from all care;
Sad eyes, sad eyes, that seem to gaze
Beyond the sunset's purple haze,
And gazing fill with a holy light
In which sweet sorrow and peace unite, —
Joy and gladness, pain and sorrow,
Sweetly will blend on the morrow.

A WEDDING WISH

THE happiest and fairest of weddings to you,
 dear ones to-day;
And may every grace and joy of life
 attend you on your way.
May all the blessings of Heaven fill
 your happy hearts,
And smooth away all sorrows, all aches
 and pains and smarts.
And may this world every treasure
 to you always yield;
And may dear Mother Nature
 from every sickness shield
And gently watch o'er you, and with
 her loving care
Mould your two fair lives to one,
 fine, pure, and rare.

FLOWERS

SENT TO A FRIEND ON RECOVERING FROM AN ILLNESS

THESE flowers, dearest, I send to you
With all my tenderest thoughts and true;
And may they breathe to you, my dear,
My fondest love and brightest cheer.
In each dainty blossom is wrapt a kiss,
And they'll find the way to your lips, I wis,
And will soothe your trouble and all your pain
And make you happy and well again.

A MEMORY

THE world is bathed in moonlight, in moonlight
soft and blue;
My soul is bathed, my darling, in tender thoughts
of you;
Of you, my darling mother, on the night of the
happiest day
That ever broke clear in the morning, and whiled
itself away.
Oh, day that I love to dream of, oh, beautiful,
perfect day;
How pleasant each shining hour that quickly
slipped away;
Each hour a pearl, a precious pearl, to put on my
string of life,
Gleaming on the happy cord, filled with pleasure
rife.
Alone with my precious mother, the dearest a
girl ever had,
A pure, clear ray of sunlight to make my young
life glad.
At last the eve stole upon us, eve with its quiet
spell,

A MEMORY

The world was bright with soft moonbeams, the
 shadows rose and fell;
Out on the pond with her alone, with my own
 darling mother;
I gazed at the sky above and wondered if such
 another
Lived in this great, wide world of ours, another
 just like mine,
So strong, loving, gentle, and yet so fine.

TO PAPA

FOR THE POND-LILY DINNER

MAY every single petal of this rare dainty flower
Charm away all pain and sorrow in this glad
hour,
And may you drink your nectar from this fair and
lovely cup
Pure as the delicate nectar that the bee is wont to
sup.

A SONNET

Oh, dear one, so unselfish, unaware
Of all that you possess and do impart
To souls whose joy and guiding light thou art,
Like some great, perfect meteor that we dare
Not approach, but whose holy sight and rare
Inspires us with awe and makes to start
Sweet thoughts within the mind, and fills the
heart

To overflowing with all that's pure and fair.
What know we of the stars in heaven above?
They dwell apart and glisten from afar;
Yet God, the great Creator, knows each star.
And, dear one, He alone knows all your worth;
He made you worthy of the highest love,
And sent your perfect soul to dwell on earth.

LOVE'S MUSIC

STARS in the sky above,
Messengers of God's love,
Now as I gaze at you
Life seems to start anew.

Soft breezes floating by
Meet the music of the sky,
Mingle, and in mid air
Create melodies so rare.

Lady moon, whose pale light
Softens the darkness of the night,
Steal into the hearts and make
Their strings to palpitate.

Souls of darkness, sorrow, pain,
Lady moon, make well again,
To produce that music sweet
Where true love and joy do meet.

TO BABY RESTARICK

DARLING baby, my love for thee
Is very deep and makes in me
New and wonderful dreams to start
Ringing through the vistas of my heart.

Dear little soul, I watch thee grow,
And 't is the sweetest joy I know
Daily to see thee, by God's great care,
Grow more perfect, strong, and fair.

Thou art His messenger, little one,
And thy mission is begun.
Little thou knowest the joy and love
That thou hast brought from God above.

Like the pure lilies of the field,
Thou toilest not, but as they yield
To God's almighty and perfect power,
Thou yielddest every passing hour.

Precious baby, forever be
Like the lilies in purity,
With thy soul forever as white,
Turning always toward the light.

TO BABY RESTARICK

And the lives you've come to bless
Ever fill with happiness:
Thus thy mission to fulfill
And do thy Heavenly Father's will.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

SOMETIMES when the breeze is sighing,
And the day in light is dying
With a promise that the morrow
Shall be fair and void of sorrow;
Sometimes in the silent night,
When the moon is shining bright,
And the water's gentle moan
Forms its distant monotone, —
Dear one, Nature speaks to me,
And, my love, it is of thee;
All that's lovely, pure, and fine,
All that's holy and divine,
Nature floods into the heart,
And ere we're aware there start
Visions sweet in which we see
True love's holy imagery.

A GREETING ON EASTER MORN

DEAR one, on this Easter day,
As our troubles melt away,
In their place, let dawn new light
As the sunrise after night.
May the sun of truth and love
Gild your skies as up above
God's great sun doth gild His skies
At the dawn, the fair sunrise.
May Christ's cross forever be
Before thee, dear one, near to thee,
That thy soul may learn to be
Brave as He on Calvary.
Perfect in the life He led,
Innocent blood for us He shed.

LOVE

TRUE love is a beautiful, radiant light
Standing for all that is good and right.
Love keeps the whole wide world in tune,
In the depths of the night, in the heat of the
noon.

A heart that has cast true love away
Is like a cloudy, cold, dark day.
O sorry mortal, whose love is dead,
Whose life is filled with hate instead.
We all live for love, without it we must die;
'T is one of the fairest gifts from God on high;
Yet to love and keep that love ever strong and
true

Is one of the hardest things in the world to do.
Every one yearns for love: the babe in his mother's arms
Cries for it, and child that he is, feels its charms;
The girl in the bud of life reaches with hungering
heart

To those who freely will the gift impart;
The passionate, care-free youth feels the tender
thrill,

LOVE

It wafts to him in its beauty rare, his life to fill;
And then as the years roll slowly by the flickering
flame of love

Is kindled and made brighter by a light above.
The years roll slowly onward and the flame is still
alive,

True love will e'er be burning till death arrive,
And then that sweet, pure flame is wafted to the
skies

Ever to burn and brighten, like sweet perfumes
that rise.

Through sickness, pain, and sorrow our only hope
is love,

Helping us to bear our pain like Christ above.

Why did He die on the cross? How could He bear
the pain?

I hear the sound of those touching words again —
"For God so loved the world that He gave His
only Son

To suffer death upon the cross for the sins of
every one."

God loved the world and He gave His Son to suf-
fer for our sin,

Christ shed his blood and suffered deeper pain
within,

LOVE

But He was strong and the truest love burned in
that precious breast,
He loved the world and His father with a fervent
zest,
He suffered. He gave His life and His love was
strong and true,
The most perfect, wonderful love that the world
ever knew;
So let us learn from Him the truest love in the
world,
Let us fight beneath the banner which He himself
unfurled,
And though we may never be asked to give our
life for a friend,
Let us always be ready a hand to lend.
And show that as Christ died for us that we for
Him can live,
Bettering our lives by Him and ever ready to give
All we can of the beautiful love that He gave to us
all,
To the hungry hearts that in this world daily
for it call.

BETHLEHEM

Christmas Eve

"BACKWARD, turn backward, oh, time in your
flight!"

Bring me again on this Christmas night
To the little town where Jesus lay,
Let the same star guide my way,
Let me hear the angels sing
Praises to the new-born king.
Hark! I hear the heavenly sound;
A glory is shining all around;
The stars are resplendent in the sky;
'T is Christmas eve, indeed, and I
Alone in solitude hope and pray
That e'er the dawn of another day
I will myself be a Bethlehem
To receive the birth of Christ again,
In myself that He may be born
Ere the glory of another dawn.
My soul is opened and there is room:
"Come, Lord Jesus, come very soon."
But, hark, the angel choir is lost;

BETHLEHEM

The ray of glory is darkened and crossed;
A cry of pain fills the air;
A cry from the world of oppression and care.
Close your eyes, you must not hear
Of the horror and the suffering so near.
It has nothing to do with you;
Shut your eyes and pray anew
That this Christmas eve Christ will enter in,
Wash away your wrong and sin.
Let that pitiful cry of pain
Echo and die away again.
I lay there a moment; my heart was wound
In a heavy sheath; my soul was bound.
But suddenly, as a sword is drawn,
My heart burst forth, and wounded and torn
The sheath hung, but the sword flashed bright
In a new and glorious ray of light
That entered in and kindled anew
My life; and in this hour I knew
The secret for which I had prayed so long,
And my soul joined the angelic throng,
My heart opened to that cry
Of the world in pain, and no longer I
Closed my ears to the sorrow and grief.

BETHLEHEM

I vowed instead I would bring relief
To the sufferers, and that they should be
Brothers and sisters unto me.
Suddenly, off in the distant sky
A star came forth and shone so high,
And all the voices of the night
Sang a greeting to this light.
And they were angel voices to me,
And before me the shining star I could see;
My heart throbbed, my soul leaped out,
A glory seemed shining all about,
I was a Bethlehem this night;
The presence of God my guiding light;
'T was Christmas, my prayer was answered, in-
deed;

Christ was born in me and He freed
My spirit from sin and from closing my heart
To the call that can His grace impart,
If answered, Christ is born in thee:
You are a Bethlehem, and He
Comes to the soul where there is place
To receive His birth and loving grace.

A VISION

WHEN the night wind whispers, dearest, I hear
 you speak
And I feel the soft caresses, a kiss upon my cheek.
Moonbeams come in at the window and play over
 the floor;
An Angel appears before me in the open door;
The splendor of Heaven upon her standing motionless there;
I feel an uplifting something, a breath of ethereal
 air.
I dare not move lest I waken, and yet when I do,
 I find
That I have ascended a ladder, this empty world
 is behind,
God's angel still is by me; and looking once more
 at her face,
Familiar lines of holiness, of love and truth I
 trace.
In mortal guise 't is my mother, mine! my angel of
 life;
Together, though bodily parted, we journey in
 happiness rife.

A VISION

Beautiful angel of God, to feel that thou art near
In the depth of the darkest night can make a light
shine clear:

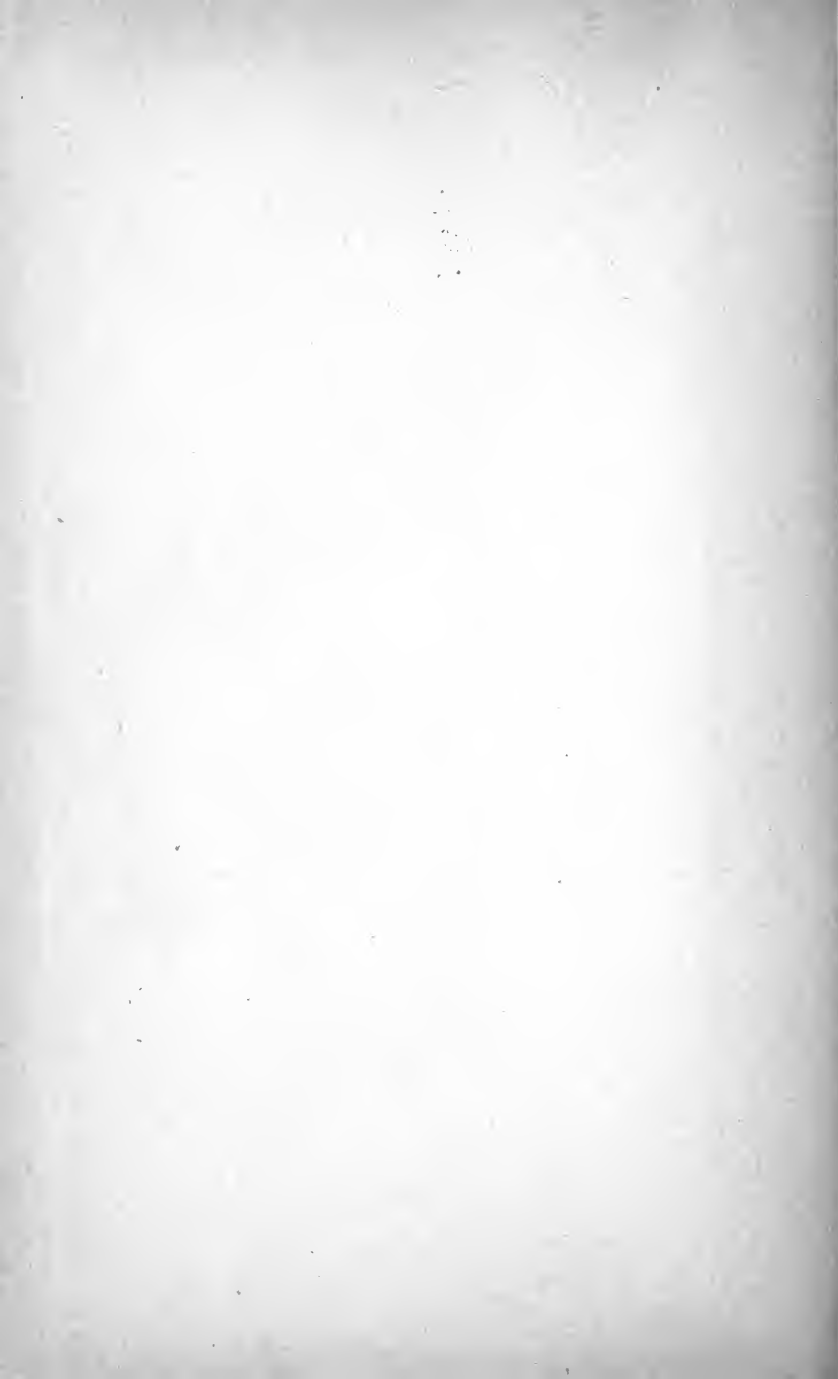
The perfect light of holy love that keeps us dear
always.

Though you were at the ends of the earth, you
would not be far away.

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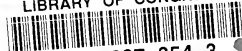








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